Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauiſhed our ſiſter,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares diſpiſde, and baſely couſend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies vnto the graue.
Laſtly my ſelfe vnkindely baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
VVho drownd their enmetie in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preſerude her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My ſcars can witnes dumb although they are,
That my report is iuſt and full of truth,
But ſoft, me thinkes I doe digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthles praiſe, Oh pardon me
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelues.

Marcus. Now is my turne to ſpeake, behold the child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge,
Theſe wrongs vnſpeakeable paſt patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare,
Now haue you heard the truth, what ſay you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amiſſe, ſhew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs pleading,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*,
VVill hand in hand, all headlong hurle our ſelues,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our ſoules,

And make a mutuall cle
Speake Romans ſpeake,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius*
Emilius. Come come
And bring our Empero
Lucius our Emperour fo
The common voice doe
Marcus. Lucius, all ha
Goe goe into old *Titus* ſ
And hither hale that mi
To be adiudge ſome dy
As puniſhment for his m
Lucius all haile Romes g
Lucius. Thankes gent
To heale Romes harme
But gentle people giue
For nature puts me to a
Stand all a looſe but vn
To ſhed obſequious tear
Oh take this warme kiſſ
Theſe ſorrowfull drops
The laſt true duties of t
Marcus. Teare for tea
thy brother *Marcus* ten
Oh were the ſumme of
Countleſſe and infinite,
Lucius. Come hither
to melt in ſhowers, thy
Many a time hee daunſt
Song thee a ſleepe his lo
Many a ſtorie hath he to
And bid thee bare his pr
And talke of them when
Marcus. How manie
VVhen they were liuing
Oh now ſweete boy giue